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THIS BOOKLET,

With the exception of the last four sketches,
Contains brief descriptions of a number of the
Residents of New Salem, Mass.

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By

Rev. Haig Adadourian

Minister

Center and North Congregational Churches
NEW SALEM, MASS.

ATHOL, MASS.
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TO
WILLIAM DEHON KING, Esqr.,
Of Newport, R. I., and Manomet (Plymouth), Mass.
A Scholarly Gentleman
and
A Genuine Friend
THIS BOOKLET
IS DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR

Gift
Author
JUL 1 1913

THE LIST OF THE PICTURES

- I. Walter Bliss
- II. Mrs. Grace Whitaker
- III. Eugene Bullard
- IV. Mrs. Sarah Bullard
- V. Daniel Ballard
- VI. Mrs. Mary Spooner
- VII. Burton Cogswell
- VIII. Willard Putnam
- IX. Perry Marshall, M. D.
- X. Dwight A. Stowell
- XI. Edwin F. Stowell
- XII. Mrs. Geneva Ballard
- XIII. J. Porter Eaton
- XIV. Mrs. Nellie Sieg
- XV. Mrs. Bertha Stowell
- XVI. Warren L. Teele
- XVII. Mrs. Ida King
- XVIII. Samuel W. Hook
- XIX. Mrs. Cora Stowell
- XX. Orlando Henry Davenport
- XXI. William Dehon King
- XXII. Mrs. Lucy S. Sanford
- XXIII. An Adopted Son of Uncle Sam



I.

His Photograph.

This is intended to be neither a word-picture nor strictly a pen-and-ink sketch. It contains no intricate cryptograph to burn midnight oil over. This is only a Transcriptograph, a new process in photography, fair as the moon, clear as the sun. In other words, this is a snap-shot, pure and simple, a sort of "hunting with a camera," or a kodak, endorsed by the Audubon societies, the kind of shoot that neither kills nor hurts. His eyes are the home of wholesome mirth and genuinely humorous twinkles. His head is clear, his heart large and pure. In his mouth is the law of the Lord, and on his mind are those of his native land. The anatomy of his body contains nothing even remotely resembling the proverbial lazy bone. He is an agriculturist both by heredity and by choice, but he is as well fitted to be a cultivator of literature and of soul as he is of the soil. A deacon of the Church by a unanimous vote, he is, by common consent, a sterling good fellow. A native of the state of Massachusetts, he lives in the state of unalloyed "Bliss" of singleness, with an eye single to the glory of God and his weather eye always open for the good of his town in particular and of his fellow-men in general. With the exception of the man whom he calls his pastor, everybody addresses him as "Walter." And he rather enjoys it. To his pastor, he is simply junior deacon, helpful, honest, sympathetic, cordial, sincere, unassuming.



II.

Her Living Picture.

A little taffy when one is alive is worth more than a heap of epitaphy when one is dead and gone. But this is neither "taffy" nor "epitaphy." The writer is not that far-famed "toffee king" the papers tell about, nor is he engaged in the candy business. As to "epitaphy," the subject of this Transcriptograph will not, we sincerely hope, need it for half a century or more. This is simply a speaking likeness. Strength and honor are her clothing; "Grace," grit and gumption her adornments. In her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Whiner? Not a "Whit;" t"aker" or giver of offense? Not a bit; shirker, of duty? Not in the least. Faithful and loving in her family relationships as wife and mother; dutiful and affectionate as daughter and sister; pleasant, faithful, cheerful and dependable as a member of the community, the Church, the Circle and the Grange, she is in constant demand, and never a call but she responds gladly, heartily and unstintedly.



III.

His Vitagraph.

He is not chairman of the town's board of selectmen. In fact, he is not a selectman at all. But, contradictory as it may sound, he is a select man, just the same. 'Tis not known that he is a nobleman by genealogical descent. But he is a noble man by common consent. And by dint of that fact, he deserves the title of "Mayor of North New Salem." That honor belongs to him by inherent rights too numerous to mention. And not one of the residents of the north end of the old town would begrudge him that title. Everyone would gladly and heartily bestow it upon him. Indeed, he could make an excellent governor should His Excellency Gov. "Gene" Foss be willing to swap his chair of office with that of the virtual mayor of North New Salem. A Yankee to the manner born, in appearance he is a veritable John "Bull"—'ard"—'eaded, soft-'earted, open-'anded and liberal-minded. Rooted and grounded in the faith handed down from the Pilgrim Fathers, he gladly welcomes with an unprejudiced mind any and every ray of God's truth irrespective of its source. He is not the "prelatical bishop" of the North church, for the obvious reason that the church is neither hierarchical nor Methodistic in its polity. But he takes episcopal, nay, archiepiscopal care of that Church, which is dear to him as the apple of his eye. His attitude toward its interests and its people is lovingly paternal and paternally loving. In addition to his official position as the deacon of the church, he occupies the unofficial chair of the historian of the town and the accredited chronicler of its academy's annals. With all the serious side of his great nature, he is remarkably jolly and singularly companionable. His hearty laugh "doeth good like a medicine," both to him and to those with whom he comes in contact. He is a loving husband an affectionate father, a fond grandpa, a zealous churchman, a model citizen, which facts render him a right subject for a bright Transcriptograph.



IV.

Her Biograph.

Some women are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. In respect to her birth, she belongs to the first class, as she does in every other respect. A ladylike woman and a womanly lady, she is the acknowledged queen of her household. The queenliness of the mother and the motherliness of the queen are writ large all over her reposeful, kindly and sympathetic bearing. The honored words, woman, lady, queen and mother, are indelibly stamped on her character and shine forth from all her words and deeds. In appearance she is not a female John "Bull—'ard" ly that. Rather is she a typical female Yankee, so beautifully and accurately depicted by Harriet Beecher Stowe in nearly all of her New England stories. In looks, temperament, personal bearing, antecedents, training and environment, she embodies and conserves in her the characteristic home traditions peculiar to Yankeedom. The tent of "Sarah" of old could not have been more hospitable than the cheery home of our North New Salem "mother in Isarel," who, although a dutiful daughter of dear old Vermont, dearly loves Dame Massachusetts. And because of her warm-heartedness, her living Christian faith and her ability to see and appreciate what is best in everybody, she sincerely loves everybody and is loved by everybody. Her personal acquaintance with some of New England's famous men and women of letters of a generation ago and her extensive knowledge of good books have given her a breadth of vision and a catholicity of spirit and sympathy that are characteristic of the subjects of these Transcriptographs "intended to be issued every little while."



V.

His Daguerreotype.

A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreathes to the dead. To the subject of this Transcriptograph this is only a trivial tribute, just a primrose although he deserves a large bouquet of American beauty roses. But silver and gold have I none; such as I have, give I him. In looks he is patriarchal. When he rises to speak in municipal or an ecclesiastical gathering, he is prophetic and his utterances have an apostolic ring. Friendly in his attitude toward his fellow-townsmen and toward his "brothers and sisters" in the local Church and Gra ge, he is loved by everybody. Think you because that massive, fatherly brow of his is silvered with the dews of time, that his heart is also grown old or cold? Not so. The heart of gold never grows old. During these advanced years of his life, his heart retains its wonted warmth toward his Creator, his country, his fellowmen and his Church. Having been through shot and shell, having seen many an active cannon "Ball; ard" uous in war, although a zealous advocate of peace, he has learned how to endure hardness as a good soldier, both of the Civil War and of Jesus Christ. A lover of truth, he dares to be a "Daniel," dares to stand alone, dares to have a purpose true, dares to make it known. For he knows that there is nothing so kingly as kindness and nothing so royal as truth. A teacher of the Bible, he is just as anxious as any of his scholars to learn more of the beautiful and unsearchable riches of that exhaustless treasure house of knowledge. And his pastor has none in his audience who is a greater listener than he. And his firm handshake and warm words of appreciation constitute a deacon's benediction for his pastor. Benediction he calls them not. Nevertheless, they serve the purpose of a heartfelt prayer and good-will.



VI.

Her Ambrotype.

"If you've anything good to say of a woman,
Don't wait till she's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken
When hearts are broken,
Is an empty thing at best."

So sang a Yankee sweet singer. The dear lady whose Transcriptograph follows, is with us yet, for which the Lord be thanked, and we hope that she will be with us yet many a year to come. The blessedness of her life is not in doing things that the world acclaims as great, but in doing each day that goes by, some little good. And by constantly and conscientiously doing some little good each day that goes by, she has proved her true worth as woman, wife and mother. Of frail constitution, her keen intellect, decisive will and strong character amply make up for the feebleness of her body. A true, affectionate and devoted mother, she is idolized by her children. 'Tis a delightful sight to see the filial devotion she has inspired in them. They love her dearly and believe in her implicitly. "It's true for ma says so; an' if ma says so, it's so if it ain't so," sum up their strong faith in their beloved mother. By her daily communion with God, the spiritual side of her life has been beautifully developed. There is a sweet reasonableness in her sublime faith and in her deep concern in the things that are not seen. Literally the Bible is a lamp unto her feet and a light unto her path. Like "Mary" of old she was born not with a gold "Spoon—er" a silver one either—in her mouth. But like that distinguished daughter of Israel, her life has been adorned with virtues more precious than either gold or silver. Her home and her Church are her two havens of rest, foretokening the celestial glories, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."



VII.

His Cameo.

Who was it that declared, "An honest man is the noblest work of God?" Was it Adam, Cicero, Socrates, Josh Billings or Chauncey Depew? But no matter, the authorship is of no great consequence. Whoever said it, it is a mighty good saying and undoubtedly he knew what he was talking about. I have heard a cynic and a pessimist facetiously say—strange that a cynic can at times be facetious!—that an honest man is a non est man. Clever though he was, in his funny and punny remark, he didn't know what he was talking about! Had he seen the subject of this Transcriptograph, I am sure he would reverse his cynical verdict as to the non-existence of an honest man. He—our subject, not the cynic,—does not proclaim his honesty upon the house tops. He doesn't need to. His daily life does the proclaiming for him. Indeed, he claims, that he cannot make a public speech and that speechmaking is not one of his family traits. But then, what are words worth when one's deeds are eloquent? And his deeds certainly are eloquent. A life clear as crystal, a life in which is no guile and which is beyond reproach is quietly led by our "Burt." On the score of his "front" name's abbreviation, however, no apology is likely to be made, as it is the people's favorite name for him. They like it, and he doesn't dislike it, and there you are; that settles it. Faithful in the performance of his home, Church and Grange duties, he is a man "to tie to." The old Latin motto, "Age quod agis," "Do what you are doing," may be added to his family escutcheon, for what he does he does thoroughly—all the pieces screws and "Cogs well" fixed, well oiled and well-regulated, so to speak. Being handy with the use of all sorts of tools and machines, the metaphor just used is not out of harmony with his thorough-going nature. We love him and he loves us and is fond of his native town. And there is nothing more to say.



VIII.

His Photogravure.

He is not an ordained minister, yet he lives not to be ministered unto but to minister to the welfare of his town. Evidently, his natural ministering instinct has been strengthened by his association with some forty of his college classmates who have entered into the ministry. For the advancement of public improvement and good education and for the building of Christian character throughout the town and neighborhood, he has unstintedly given of his best—his time, money, thought, energy and ability. To the subject of this Transcriptograph, life is a school to see beauty, to follow truth, to seize opportunity and to practice charity. He has aimed to think in terms of love, to love in terms of action, and to act in terms of friendship, and he has succeeded in his aim. A firm believer in good citizenship and public enlightenment, he has, as the chairman of the board of trustees of New Salem academy rendered faithful and efficient service to the old town. A man of good "Will, ard"-ent love and prompt action, he is one of the leading citizens of the town. Descended from the Revolutionary general, whose baptismal name is Israel, he naturally appreciates good blood and distinguished ancestry, yet he is not an ancestor worshipper. He believes in faithful, personal effort, supported by the help of God, as man's best assets.



IX.

His Photolithograph.

Medically, his patron saints are Hippocrates, Galen and Esculapius, although he is far in advance of those ancient lights of the art and science of medicine. Theologically, he follows none, although he is an admirer of Channing, Emerson and Martineau. Temperamentally, he is a disciple of Thoreau. Politically, he believes in the doctrines of Jefferson. Practically, he follows methods of his own and is beholden to none. He is an untiring searcher after truth, is the subject of our Transcriptograph. And in the course of his quest of truth in the realms of nature, literature, observation, meditation and experience, he has accumulated a mass of facts which are always at his command and which he can "Marshall" in battle array as easily as could Commodore Oliver Hazard "Perry" his squadron. But the martial expressions made use of in this connection are no index to his pacific nature. "Pax vobiscum," or "Salaam aleykum," or some other equivalent of that peaceful sentiment is his usual mode of salutation. And one shouldn't be surprised in the least were that sentiment expressed in Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, Cingalese or Hindustanee. How well posted our friend is on multitudinous subjects under the sun only those know who are acquainted with him. Zululand and Timbuctoo, international law, ancient history, temperance and hymn books, too, are only a few of the assortment. The rest can easily be guessed. But aside from a vast fund of varied information, our friend has a heart which, after all, is his best part and in which abounding kindness dwells. And with kindness go sympathy, tender feelings and brotherliness. He is not a native of the town, nor an alumnus of its ancient academy. Yet, for all intents and purposes, he is both and is sure to remain as such to the end of the chapter. Which end we hope, will be long, very long in coming.



X.

His Electrotype.

He is a true gentleman habitually, because he is a gentleman instinctively, is the subject of this Transcriptograph. Refined are his thoughts, words, deeds and dealings. Notwithstanding his serious looks, he is by no means a man of gloomy temperament. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, a merry twinkle is no stranger to his eyes. Industrious, patient, faithful, true blue, he represents the best of New England's good traditions. His daily life is an exemplification of the charity that never fails, the humility that never boasts, the patience that never tires and the hope that never fades. True to the fundamental principles of true gentlemanliness, his every thought and deed by act of virtue moves, and his generous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart disproves. To his plighted word and trust he has ever firmly stood, and though he promise to his loss, he makes his promise good. Unlike Timothy "Dwight," he is no hymnologist, composing such classic hymns like "I Love Thy Kingdom Lord." But he dearly loves the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Unlike any member of the well-known jewelry firms of Tiffany or "Stowell," he cannot look at his gems and say, "These are my jewels," for the simple reason that he has no gem to look at. But looking at his fine group of children he can, with pardonable pride, declare, "These are my jewels." Although constantly busy with his farm and family yet he finds time occasionally to take part in local performances of social and historical character, in which participations and impersonations he has no superior and but few equals. The glory of a town like New Salem is in its citizens like him, and it goes without saying that the town's greatest glory is centered in its model citizenesses, who are the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and excellent maiden aunts of such citizens.



XI.

His Silhouette.

He is widely known outside the limits of the old township not only as the general merchant on "Salem Hill," but also as the former member of the General Court. And as a man experienced in legislative affairs, he "knows the ropes" of politics no less than he does the ins and outs of commercial career. As a business man as well as a public official of the town, he is in the public eye. And as the town watches him transact its entrusted business, he can stand up and unhesitatingly look the town straight in the eye, as honesty and faithfulness in public and private life are two of his well-known characteristics. And no one knows more about the past and present of New Salem than he does and with his invariably obliging nature, he is glad to answer all reasonable questions, provided they are not "fool questions." He loves a joke, does the subject of our Transcriptograph, and no one in town can detect and relish a pleasantry in private conversation or public speech quicker than he. Unlike Sir "Edwin" Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," he writes not poetry, but deer-hunting and marriage licenses and burial permits and an occasional national or savings bank check. Although he issues licenses for marriages—the more the merrier—and for deer-hunting, it is not known that he ever issued a license for deer-hunting, for the simple reason that the deer-hunters require no license. Every deer hunter is a law unto himself. Our friend loves good literature and good poetry and if he is not poetic, his life is not prosaic, either. A man who has to deal with many of the townspeople as he does cannot be prosaic. He knows how to deal with people judiciously and tactfully. In the art of hearty laughter, he is a pastmaster and never does he hesitate to be—"Stow well" his smiles upon people whom he likes. And he has a large capacity for liking people, if they are in any way likable. *Multum in parvo*. Owing to his residence of many years in town and his connection with municipal, academic and Grange affairs, he fills a big and an important place in the counsels of the old town. His many friends wish for him a long continuance of his services to the town of his adoption.



XII.

Her Radiograph.

An honored member of the younger generation is the subject of this Transcriptograph. Her life has been one of useful activity in her own family circle, and it has been in the Grange affairs of the town and of the district, also in the educational matters of the town. An almost life-long resident of the town and a graduate of its old academy, she knows what the town needs along educational lines and, as a member of the school committee, she has proved her efficiency as a capable town official. She is intimately acquainted with books but she is not bookish. Her hands and mind being constantly occupied with the care of her two lively little daughters, the younger of whom she laughingly calls Perpetual Motion, she is not likely to be bookish. Hers is the pen of a ready writer, as the readers of the local papers know to their delight. And her facile tongue is well able to express her clear-cut and well-defined thoughts. Although she has not traveled much, yet by dint of her knowledge of books, not a noted European city, London, Paris, Berlin, Venice or "Geneva," not even such an unnoticed locality like "Ballard"vale, in old Bay State, is a terra incognita to her. Happy in her family, there certainly is music in her soul, which is a befitting accompaniment to the violin and trombone music produced by the man whose family name she bears. She loves harmony and she has it in abundance in her cozy home, which is the habitat of harmonious music and loving harmony.



XIII.

His Metzograph.

The ancient saying, "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness," well applies to the subject whose Transcriptograph is hereby appended. His head is hoary and, although his limbs are not so springy as they were half a century ago, yet he "gets around" as well as many a man many years his junior. Level-headed, large-hearted and cheerful-faced, he believes in the old adage, "Live and let live." A most conscientious master carpenter, he has put up some substantial residences in town, that are enduring witnesses to his painstaking, thorough-going honest nature. Straightforward in all his dealings, he is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. A man of cheerful temperament, in the song service of the Church no one takes part with greater enjoyment and zest than he. In his younger days his voice, as a choir singer, has helped to enrich many a Church service, and now that he has long passed the Davidic age-limit, he takes his place among the singers in the pews. And he dearly loves to be found in his pew. "I would rather be a 'Porter' in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," seems to be his life motto. In preaching services he is a most attentive listener. To him the Word of God is food for the sustenance of his soul and he seems to be ambitious to "Eat-on" and digest it as much as possible. An honored member of the "old school," and as a connecting link between the generations gone by and the present age, his life is an incentive for good and honorable citizenship before the rising generation.



XIV.

Her Garograph.

There are women who are witty,
There are women who are gritty,
There are women who are worth their weight in gold,
There are women who are truthful,
There are women who are youthful—
Was ever there a woman really old?

No. The subject of this Transcriptograph is never old, although it is a number of years since she has passed the meridian of her life. Never ostentatious or obtrusive, her personality is nevertheless strongly felt in the community. The widow of a Civil War veteran, she is an enthusiastic patriot. And her patriotism is greatly influenced and enhanced by her intimate knowledge of the affairs of the nation, extending over a long period. Naturally, on the occasion of Memorial day exercises, or on any local celebration of historic character no one is more efficient a worker than she. "Light" is the meaning of her baptismal name, which is the diminutive of the name of Emperor Constantine's mother. But the inner light that is in her is neither diminutive nor diminishing. This is a "Sieg-"nificant fact indicating the solid nature of education imparted to the students in the old New Salem academy. She has had her share of life's sorrows, yet her sorrows have neither embittered her life nor weakened her bright vision and general outlook of things. She cherishes good cheer and is sustained by it. She takes life as she finds it and makes the best of it.



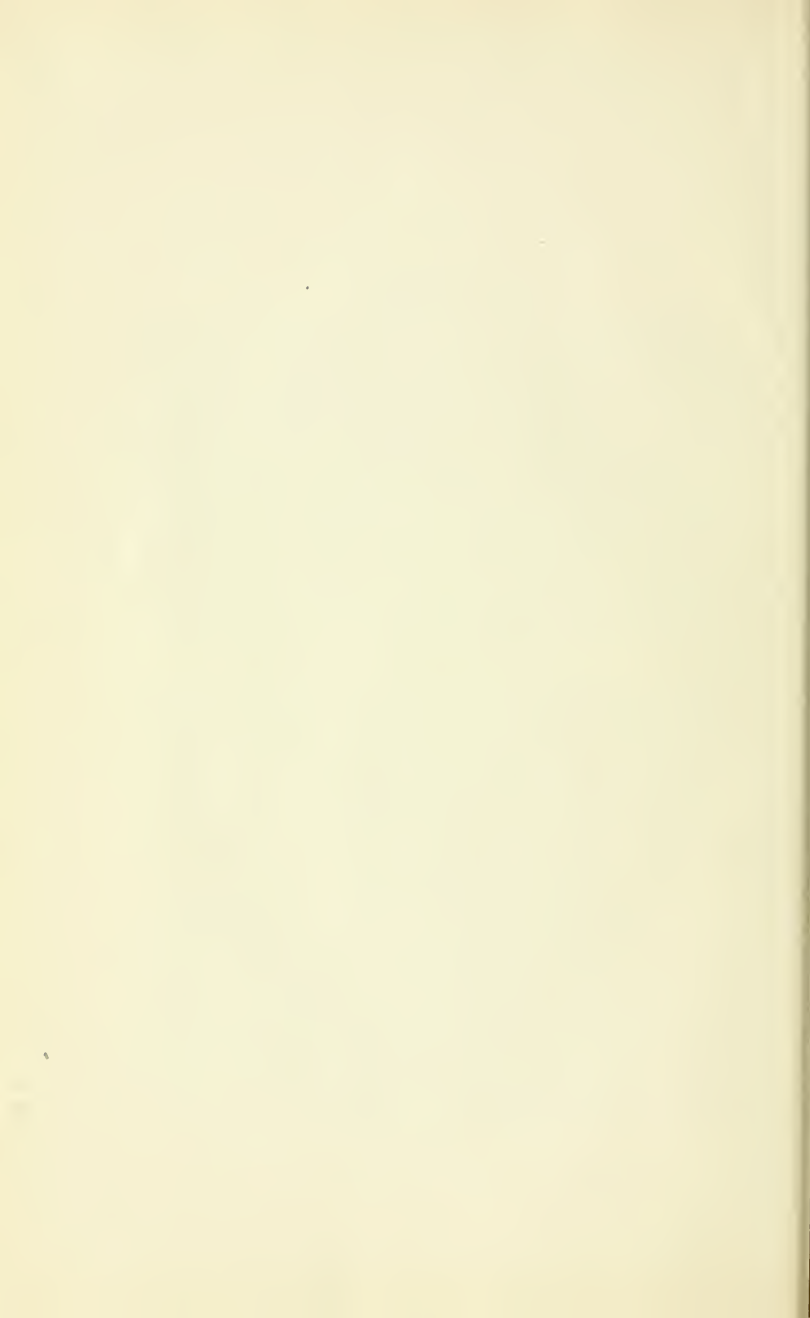
XV

Her Chemitype

The Hindoos say that their greatest god, commencing to create woman, discovered that with man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one single element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed the old god and caused him to fall into a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows. He took the roundness of the moon, the undulating curves of the serpent and the graceful twist of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness of the willow, the velvety softness of the flowers, the lightness of the feather, the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the sunbeam, the tears of the cloud, the inconstancy of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the hardness of the diamond, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the heart of the fire, the chill of snow, the cackling of the parrot, and the cooing of the turtle dove. All these he mixed together and formed woman. Then he presented her to man.

The above is the picture of the Oriental woman from the Hindoo viewpoint. Not being an Oriental lady, however, the subject of our Transcryptograph does not bear in her makeup all of these divergent elements. But undoubtedly she is the possessor of the best ingredients in the above list. In that long list one element is lacking—energy. It is the quality par excellence that crowns all her other good qualities. Her maiden name is identical with that of the illustrious author of "Snowbound." But "bound" is not the word to describe her nature with. Not "bound" but "independent" is the word—independent as the Queen of Sheba.

The name which, in lieu of her maiden name, was bestowed upon her at the hymeneal altar, is as honored as her original name. Hence, she is no loser in the transaction. With her keen business sense, she could not be cheated in any bargain. Her baptismal name is Old German for "bright" and it is no misnomer. The name describes the person. A pleasant conversationalist and a gracious hostess, as well as a capable manager, she makes an excellent vivacious boarding house mistress during the summer season. A devoted wife and affectionate mother, a loving daughter and a neat housekeeper, she enjoys life as intensely as any heiress, and more than many a millionairess we know of.



XVI.

His Electrotint.

He is a member not of the "House of Bishops" but of a house of deacons. A family of five brothers, including himself, all deacons in good and regular standing in five Baptist Churches, is rarely, if at all, met with in Church circles. As superintendent of Sunday schools and as deacon for three decades, he has rendered loving, faithful, earnest and efficient service to the Church of Jesus Christ. As a lay Christian worker, his efforts have resulted in the formation of four Churches and in the conversion of many young men and women. He is not a blood relation to Gen. Joseph "Warren" who was killed at Bunker hill. But there exists a kinship of souls between the old patriot and the subject of our Transcriptograph, as he is a Civil War veteran. Hence, he is no stranger to "S-Teele," fire and banners. A heart of steel against all forms of sin, the fire of the Spirit for his work in the Church and for his daily tasks and the love of the banner of the Cross are his precious possessions. New Salem is his chosen abiding place and therein he finds peace and employment, also satisfaction and enjoyment every day.

XVII.

Her Microphotograph.

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

So sang the poet. But New Salem has not within its borders a savage to be charmed, although it has tons of rocks to be softened and many a knotted oak to be bent. The subject of this Transcriptograph is possessed of vocal power to charm not only "a savage breast," but also many a sage head. New Salem harbors within its borders a few of the latter class. Her baptismal name means "Godlike" in Old German. Not an inappropriate adjective surely. For is not man or woman created in the image of God, the heavenly "King?" Among her native precious talents, one is quite marked. We refer to her voice, which she cheerfully uses on patriotic and other public functions held in town or vicinity. And she is respected by all who know her, not only for her ability to sing but also for her willingness to serve. Whatsoever her hand finds to do, she does it with her might. All her faculties, including her vocal power, indicate a good drill, hence they are capable of producing a wholesome thrill in others.



XVIII.

His Chromolithograph.

He is not of lineal descent of Theodore "Hook", the celebrated English wit, who flourished in the early part of the 19th century. Yet our friend, the subject of this Transcriptograph, is as good a connoisseur and producer of real wit and meritorious witticism as was the brilliant English humorist. Did he, by hook or by crook, belong to the family of old Theodore, he would be an ascendant not a descendant, for he is firm believer in ascending and not descending, in rising and not sinking. But our friend's appreciation and enjoyment of humor is not his only marked trait. He has a large capacity for friendship, by virtue of which there is many a person in and around the town who can say, "Hook and I are great friends." He is deeply interested in the affairs of the day transpiring in the life of the town or of the nation. And he is a discriminating, conscientious and careful student of those affairs. He is not known as a "man of letters", but his erstwhile connection with Uncle Sam's mail service, certainly gives him that title. In private conversation or in public meeting he is an attentive and appreciative listener. His Anglicized baptismal name is Hebrew for "Heard of God". But, puzzling as it may sound, his Judaism does not go beyond his Christian name. In other words, all that is Jew in him is his Christian name. This, of course, is a paradox. But Jew or Gentile saint or sinner, heretic or orthodox, we all relish a paradox once in a while. In substance and temperament, he is a typical Yankee. Hygiene and dietetics are his chief subjects of study and he practices their rules according to the dictates of common sense, which daily practice is likely to carry him to the century mark of life. At his beck and call are the three renowned physicians, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman. He is rich enough to command their services whenever and wherever he needs them. And by employing them, he doesn't seem to grow either poor in purse or poorly in health. He doesn't have much flesh in his system, but he has all he needs or all he cares for. And isn't that wealth as well as health for any man or woman?



XX.

Orlando Henry Davenport

of Boston

"His words are bonds; his love sincere; his thoughts immaculate; his heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth." These words of Shakespeare are applicable to the subject of this brief sketch, Orlando Henry Davenport. He inherited a good name from his sturdy, industrious, honest and upright ancestry, and he has kept that name unsullied. In his case, it is the man behind the gun, so to speak or it is the sterling character sustaining the honored name and reputation. It has been said that Boston is complete, New York will be, Chicago may be, Jersey City might have been and Philadelphia used to be. Being a true son of the first mentioned city, the only and proverbially completed city in the Union, the subject of our sketch has a completed, well-rounded character. His life may be likened to a magnificent cathedral built on solid foundations and the parts nearest the ground as well as those soaring toward heaven—the turrets and the spires all—are complete. The possessor of a keen mind and of a strong will, his mind is his kingdom and his will his law. He is pleasant-faced and jolly, a good talker, a genial joker and an interesting and companionable man. In a word, "formed on the good old plan, a true and brave and downright honest man." is the subject of our sketch. And he blows no trumpet in the market place or in the church. He loathes pretense, but he does with cheerful will what others talk of, while their hands are still. Integrity and sincerity, charity and purity are the four articles of his simple creed. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives me to see the right", is his motto.

XXI.

William Dehon King

of Newport, R. I., and Plymouth, Mass.

Courtesy and gentlemanliness are the innate and distinctive traits of his life. He owes the culture of his mind not simply to his college education, but also to the refined atmosphere of his early home life of ideal beauty. His business career and training in China and his extended travels at home and abroad in his youth and his association with distinguished people of both sexes have given him a liberal education and rendered him singularly sympathetic and remarkably broad-minded. A descendant of a bishop and closely connected with two Episcopal clergymen, he is a firm believer in religion. A lover of good literature in general and of choice poetry in particular, he possesses some choice volumes of standard poems. His mind has been fed on good poems, as on "sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge." And his love for and appreciation of choice poetry have enabled him to compose some excellent lines himself on various occasions. The subject of this sketch knows the true art of being a friend. And in the strength, warmth, sincerity, devotion and duration of his friendship, he is like Bishop Brooks of blessed memory, to whom an intimate friend said one day, "Brooks if you like a man, you swallow him whole." To "break bread" with his friends affords him genuine delight and in the words of the poet, he says not infrequently to his friends:

"You must come home with me and be my guest;

You will give joy to me, and I will do

All that is in my power to honor you."

XXII.

Mrs. Lucy S. Sanford of New York

A merry heart, a merry laugh,
A face with lots of sun in it,
A merry tongue with merry chaff
And quip with lots of fun in it!

It is quite unlikely that the author of the above lines ever had the pleasure and privilege of being acquainted with the subject of this sketch. Yet his words accurately depict her. She is a perfect lady by instinct, refined by birth, by training and by life-long associations and cultured environment. The mistress of a cultured household, she has always been a beautiful type of highminded and noble-souled womanhood. Free from the spirit of ostentation, she has long been an ardent advocate of the best sort of the simple life. And she is a lover of God's out-of-doors and a constant and conscientious doer of the deeds of kindness. A discriminating reader, a judicious thinker and a quick assimilator, she has, in the course of her long and useful life, devoured some of the best literary output of many masterminds. And in the course of her highly interesting and instructive conversations, she often embellishes and enriches her remarks with apt and accurate quotations from the best authors and poets, ancient and modern, that delight her interlocutors. Her heart is replete with sunshine and her life is buoyed up with the cheerful music produced by her deft fingers as well as by the sweet symphony of her soul. Optimism characterizes her views of life and hopefulness adorns her words and enlivens all her activities. Distinct and decisive are her thoughts and beautifully worded and clear-cut are their expression. In a word, Mrs. Lucy S. Sanford is

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of angelic light."

XXIII.

An Adopted Son of Uncle Sam in a Yankee Pulpit.

When Joseph Parker was questioned about his sermon, he was unwilling to take the public into his confidence. His first sermon had given him suffering enough, and he wanted to let it alone. I have no audacity to compare myself with Dr. Parker even in the matter of my first sermon. But pain is pain whether felt by Joseph Parker or an ordinary John Jones. It is a case of fleas and their bites—no matter how large the fleas and how sharp their bites, "Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum". Unlike Dr. Parker however, my motto is, "Tell it out."

In 1893 I was, according to a well-known divide, yet a half-baked theologian. One day in winter when one of my professors asked me if I would go to a village in Massachusetts to preach on Sunday, I consented hesitatingly. Why shouldn't I hesitate? One sermon experiment prepared for classroom criticism was the contents of my "barrel." Moreover this was to be my first English sermon. Had I anglicized my patronymic, which I had not, had my face been altered, which hadn't been, still the fact remained that my "accent" was changed, and any one could easily say to me, "Surely thou art a foreigner; thy speech betrayeth thee."

But I had to begin some time, why not now? This consideration made me accept the offer. I started Saturday, but whether, owing to misdirection or my confusion, I missed my host at the station. With some difficulty I hired a team to go to my destination, three miles away. Omitting my apologies to my host for disappointing him at the station, let us pass on to Sunday.

In the church I had about the same feeling as did Belshazzar at his Babylonian feast. My countenance was changed, my thoughts troubled me, so that the joints of my loins were loosed, and my knees smote one against another. The service hour struck. Despite the organist's absence the audience sang the Doxology. After the responsive readings came the first hymn. No sign of the organist yet. I arose and announced my hymn, hoping that some one would volunteer to lead. But the merciful angel wasn't forthcoming. After two minutes I commenced. Now a knowledge of music isn't one of my besetting sins. I sing, but the rest should better be left unsaid. Whether my key G was G or C clef I have no recollection. This I know that I was at sea, and high seas at that. No flat existed in the music, it was bristling with sharps—every note so sharp as to pierce even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow—of

my audience. The first line was a solo. At the second line some sisters (Bless their kind hearts!) took compassion on me and the solo became a sextette. But the singing was like wisdom's highway, "with here and there a traveler," and such high strung stragglers!

After the second hymn, just before which the organist had arrived, I began my sermon! Juicelless, paintless, unpractical, didactic, swelling with classic, classroom odors, overloaded with theological expressions and without a message or appeal. Had the sermon the measles, no one in the house could possibly catch the disease. Phonographlike was it delivered, and when ended all felt relieved.

Benediction pronounced, the superintendent invited the preacher to the Sunday School. Upon his request I handed him my card. He stared at my name—Haig Adadourian. Whew! He wanted me to offer the opening prayer. But when he arose to announce it, aye, there was the rub! How could he pronounce that impossible name? In vain attempts at pronounciation many others before him had almost died—of laughter, lockjaw, exhaustion, or exasperation. Hydrangea, hallelujah, antediluvian, auditorium and many others had been tried, the nearest hit being Adoniram. Whoever would expect this farmer to pronounce this tongue-twister, nay, this jawbreaker? He looked at the card, he hummed and he hawed and finally triumphantly got out of the difficulty by saying, "The minister will now lead us in prayer." And the minister did.

After the ordeal the theologue safely returned to his seminary. It is now precisely two decades since that to me painful but important day. And yet it is as fresh in my memory as the events of yesterday.





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